THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, }
BRUCE MILLER. } Editors and Owners

THE LITTLE TOWN.

There's a little town that lies within a land
that's far away,
An' the wing of peace is over it throughout
the livelong day,
An' when the night comes drivin' up her
bustlin' brood of stars
This little town jus' goes to roost right at
the twilight bars.
No 'lectric lights, but jus' the moon, with
her ole shiny face,
An' when the toothache twists her, why,
the stars they take her place;
No city halls nor theaters; no dramshops
in a blaze;
But jus' the cup of calm content, the wine
of peaceful ways.
An' she sleeps there, sweet an' peaceful, till
the sun comes laughin' down,
A-makin' it his bizness jus' to wake this
little town.

Oh, it's funny how through all these years
it never changed at all—
The same ole homes an' houses, same ole
pictures on the wall,
The front yards an' the back yards there,
jus' like they've allus been—
With ole folks passin' slowly out an' young
ones comin' in.
The same sweet sounds you uster hear, the
same scents in the air;
That twilight hush that follers when the
evenin' kneels in prayer;
A quaint ole rural picture hangin' in a rus-
tic frame,
Where the folks grow up and marry, but
the picture stays the same;
An' over it the skies that smile with never
any frown,
Of darklin' cloud to cast its shroud upon
this little town.

It uster be a growin' place when you was
jus' a boy,
An' the contemplashun of it uster to fill
yo' soul with joy,
The mayor was a bigger man than any
preserdent,
An' the little ole gas engine ranked with
any wonderment.
The streets were wider'n Broadway—all
they lacked was jus' the sto'se—
An' if they twist about 'twas cause the
houses wan't in rows.
But now you go there ev'ry year to see the
ole folks still,
An' the only thing that's growin' is the
graveyard on the hill;
An' it's better than all sermons jus' to go
an' set aroun'
An' hunger for the faces that was in this
little town.

Oh, little town, dear little town, there'll
come to me a day
When my heart'll break within me, if I
happen long yo' way,
An' two ole folks that's livin' now, an' all
my heart hopes fill,
Have gone to live in God's town, 'mong the
cedars on the hill.
Then I'll linger in yo' doorway, an' in rev-
'rence bow my head,
An' I'll love you for the memory of yo' dear
and blessed dead.
Ay, I'll linger in yo' doorway, in the door-
way of my birth,
An' you'll be to me, dear little town, the
holies' spot on earth;
An' when my eyes grow weary an' the
shadders gather 'roun',
May their last look, like their fust one, rest
upon this little town.

—John Trotwood Moore, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

IN JASPER CAVE.

By Charles Kelsey Gaines.

—Copyright, 1898.

I WAS just 11 years old when we moved to Granite Falls, and I thought it the most wonderful place I had ever seen. And it is a wonderful place; though since I have grown older I have sometimes doubted whether it was any part of the plan of creation that people should live there. For Granite Falls is a mere rift through the mountains, with a swift, foaming river tumbling down the middle of it. On each side the rocky hills rise up so steep that you seem to see the sky through a long slit, just as when you look up between the tall buildings of a city street. And there isn't much more earth in sight, either, than you see in the paved streets of the city. The road that follows the river bank runs along bare ledges for the most part, and the roots of the scraggly, stunted trees sprawl out over the rocks like claws with only a thin skim of soil to grip in. The winters are something terrible; for the snows gather in the narrow valley until the big drifts cut across the second-story windows, and you have to make a tunnel to get to the well, and another to get to the barn. Sometimes for a whole week you can't reach the store or the post office or the house of your nearest neighbor. Indeed, the only reason why anybody ever does try to live at Granite Falls is because of the splendid water power and the great log-drives that are floated down the river from the vast forests above, to be sawed into planks and boards in the mills. The dismal scream of the saws is always heard there, and the air is full of the sweet, peculiar smell of the moist, fresh-cut lumber—except, of course, in the dead of winter—and really, in summer it isn't so bad—especially for a boy, who doesn't have to break his back and risk life and limb struggling with the wet, heavy logs and feeding them to the ravenous teeth of the saws. Anyhow, I found a deal to interest me all day long through all the summer months; and so did Bessie, my sister.

Father's mill-dam ran across from the shore to a long, narrow island, that split the torrent like a flinty wedge; and just below the dam the channel was almost empty, for the water that came through the sluice was only enough to make a sort of brook, cascading down the bare bed of smooth black rock, here and there spreading in shallow pools, and finally joining the main body of the river below the island. It was the best sport I had ever known, to wade about in the warm water, setting up toy mill-wheels whittled out of pine where the stream leaped and spouted, and feeding and herding the shoals of darting minnows in the miniature ponds. It was great fun, too, scaling the cliffs and climbing about on the mountains; and it was on one of these break-neck excursions that I discovered Jasper cave.

I don't mean that I was the first who ever visited the place, though I doubt that any white man knew of it at that time. I found it by the merest accident, for its mouth is about half way up the side of a precipitous mountain, almost as steep as the side of a house, and no opening is visible from below. It can only be reached from the forest above, by a zig-zag track along the face of the cliff—a path scarcely six inches wide in some places, so that one has to lean against the rock to keep his balance. In front of the cave, however, there is a flat shelf several yards in breadth, commanding a beautiful view of the valley beneath, the river looking like a mere trout-brook in the distance, the logs in it like little sticks, and the mill like a plaything that a boy might work with a crank. The entrance of the cave is so low that I had to crawl in on my hands and knees. Inside, it is about as big as an ordinary room, and in the middle just high enough to let a boy stand erect, the roof sloping down toward the edges. But the most remarkable thing about it is that roof and walls and floor are all of jasper, beautifully mottled in red and yellow. There is little doubt that it had been gradually hollowed out by the Indians in ages past, as they continually chipped away at this vein of bright-hued jasper to get its hard, sharp-edged flakes for their arrow-heads. Indeed, I found several of these and other stone implements by pawing over a heap of flinty scales which lay in one corner; and subsequently it was made plain that the secret of the place, once so valuable to the savage warriors, was still carefully guarded with a sort of superstitious reverence by the degenerate remnants of the tribe.

When I told Bessie about this fascinating spot she was crazy to see it, and begged me to take her with me the next time I went there. She was my chief companion—for nearly all the boys in the neighborhood were already kept hard at work in the mills—and as I knew that she was almost as clever at climbing as I was myself, I finally agreed that she should go. So one sunny Saturday morning we started out together, carrying a substantial lunch in a game pouch which I slung over my shoulder. We didn't explain very fully what we meant to do, only saying that we wanted to go up the mountain after spruce gum—which was true, but not the whole truth—a piece of duplicity for which we were punished severely enough before we saw home again.

For about two miles our course lay along the main road; then it branched off toward the hills—a mere trail. Just at the turn we met an old Indian staggering down the path with a heavy pack-basket corded upon his shoulders. As he approached he stumbled across a log and fell.

"Why you put things make me fall down?" he grumbled, struggling unsteadily to his feet.

I recognized him at once as "Moose Joe," a skillful hunter and a good guide, but otherwise—well, he was very far from being a "dead Indian." I saw, too, that he had been drinking, though not enough as yet to set him crazy.

"Little gal 'fraid?" he said, as he joined us. For, indeed, Bessie was not able to conceal her uneasiness, and this evidently excited him. "No need be 'fraid of Joe. Joe not hurt anybody. Children like play with Joe."

The more he talked the more frightened poor Bessie became, and the more she showed alarm the more vociferously he proclaimed his harmlessness. That evidently wouldn't do.

"Run ahead, Bessie," I whispered; and she sped forward while I remained behind with the Indian—though I should have much preferred to run, too. The fellow soon quieted, but, to my great disgust, turned and reeled along at my side.

"Why, you go up here?" he asked.

I broke off a twig, pulled out my jackknife, and made a show of whittling. Best keep it in my hand with the big blade open, I thought.

"We're just going up after gum," I answered him.

Then I got him to talking about his traps and the game he had taken; and at last, to my immense relief, he started back toward the road. I had a long chase, however, before I could overtake the terrified Bessie; the nearer I came the faster she fled.

"Oh! Tom," she panted, as I came up, "is it you? I was most sure you'd been killed and he was coming after me."

"I guess we're rid of him now," I told her. "He's gone on to the village for more whisky and that'll be the end of him for one while."

Soon we were again tramping along, quite at ease, laughing and shouting. As we proceeded the path grew steeper and steeper, and presently we found ourselves on the top of the mountain, ready to begin the more difficult descent along the face of the cliff. Here I cut a stout pole with which to assist Bessie in the most dangerous places; and with true children's luck we crawled and edged along in safety until we stood together on the wide shelf in front of the cave. In we crawled, and with a bit of candle which I had brought lit up the glistening interior. Bessie fairly screamed with delight. She had heard so much talk about caves; and here we were making a playhouse of a real one—and a jasper cave, at that. Then we rummaged awhile in the rubbish for arrowheads. At last the candle went out, and as we were beginning to feel hungry, we came out to eat our lunch on the shelf. As we finished I glanced up at the sky, and saw that black clouds were gathering.

"It's going to rain," I exclaimed. "We must hurry home."

At that moment a strange object caught my eye. It was a face peering down from the cliff above—a face distorted with rage and rum—the face of Indian Joe. As he saw that I had detected him he uttered a savage yell; then his face vanished, and I heard him scrambling down the path.

"Quick, Bessie! get into the cave!" I cried, and snatching up my pole crept a little way up the trail to meet him. And luckily I encountered him as he was rounding the narrowest, dizziest part, with only a few inches of foothold and a sheer precipice below. I thrust at him desprately with my pole, using it like a spear; and for some minutes I was able to keep him back. Then he managed to seize the pole and jerked it from my grasp.

At that I turned and fled to the cave. The rising wind almost swept me from my feet, but I got in safely; yet I had scarcely time to face about before the head of the Indian was thrust through the cramped opening, a skinning knife clenched between his teeth. I prodded him with the point of my jackknife until he drew back, giving vent to such ferocious yells that Bessie became hysterical with terror. The second time he tried it, I succeeded in wrenching away his knife.

Then he disappeared for a time, and I lay face downward, watching at the opening. The suspense was even worse than the actual struggle. He soon returned, however, and began to push in dry leaves and brush, which I vainly strove to thrust back.

"He is going to smoke us out!" I screamed, completely unnerved.

But at the very crisis, even as the drunken savage was fumbling for his matches, that Providence which guards the helpless interposed to save us. There was a jar of thunder, and the storm cloud burst in a torrent of rain which flooded the bottom of the shelf and even trickled into the cave, drenching both fuel and matches until they were quite useless.

Yet still the vindictive Indian watched by the entrance; and there was small room for doubt that his endurance would outlast ours. Indeed, even if my strength and vigilance did not fail, it would be much harder to keep effective guard after nightfall. Slowly the afternoon was waning and the shadows deepening. Already I was nearly worn out by the awful and unceasing strain—for I was only a boy—and our enemy, crouched outside like a fierce beast sure of his quarry, gave no sign of relenting.

But again Providence interposed. I believe that I was actually nodding from utter weariness and over tension, when I was roused by a heavy grinding and jarring, followed by a prolonged roar and a crashing that shook the hill to its center. The last gleam of light was suddenly quenched and a mass of pebbles poured into the throat of the cave, some rebounding with such force that they struck my face with stinging impact. I knew then what had happened. The violent rainfall, aided, perhaps, bya disintegrating bolt of lightning, had so loosened the earth and gravel on the overhanging brow of the mountain that a landslide had descended across the face of the precipice. We, snugly hidden in the cave, were safe. But the Indian—

* * * * * * *

Of course, only a small portion of the avalanche had lodged on the shelf, and it didn't take me long to work a small hole through the gravelly obstruction. For that night, however, we were prisoners. In the morning, by patient and cautious work on the crumbling mass, we succeeded in emerging; but it was nearly noon before we were finally brought off by the rescue party which had been anxiously scouring the valley to find us ever since the previous evening—with our grieving father at its head.

Were we punished for our reckless disobedience? Not at home—not by the parents who wept tears of joy to see us once more, alive and unhurt. But we had already suffered a heavy punishment from the same mighty hand that was stretched out to guard us in those hours of peril. And doubtless our savage foe met his just punishment, too: for Indian Joe was never heard of afterwards.

A Natural Conclusion.

An amusing story is told of the late President William Allen, of Girard college, and a lady of more inquisitiveness than intelligence. On one occasion a business matter called Mr Allen to a small town in the central part of Pennsylvania. While sitting in the parlor of the country hotel in the evening, after transacting his business, he was taken in hand by the wife of the proprietor, who wanted to know all about his private affairs.

Mr. Allen took it all in good part and for a time was rather amused Finally she asked:

"How much of a family?"

"Oh, yes," said he, and he smiled as his mind reverted to his hundreds of pupils.

"How many children?" she persisted.

"Well," said Mr. Allen with great earnestness, "I have 500, and all boys!"

The good lady was speechless for a moment. Then she arose, and hurrying from the room, called softly to her husband:

"O John, come in here! We've got Brigham Young stoppin' with us!"—Philadelphia Record.

Well Criticised.

As a comment on what is termed "yellow journalism," what could be better than this, reported by a journal that is not yellow? I gave a crippled newsboy a nickel the other day for a one-cent daily of New York city. "Keep the change," I said. "Oh, I say, mister," he observed, with a confidential air of gratitude, as if unwilling to cheat me after my generosity, "that was the ——— I sold ye, and I'll tell ye ye can't b'lieve more'n a quarter 'f ye read in it."—Youth's Companion.

Commerce of the Thames.

Five hundred trading vessels leave the Thames daily for all parts of the world.

COMMERCE WITH HAWAII.

About Two-Thirds of the Islands' Imports Come from the United States—The Exports.

The Hawaiian islands, their commerce, finance, productions and population, form the subject of a series of tables which will appear in the next number of the summary of finance and commerce issued by the bureau of statistics. From these it appears that the United States has, since the reciprocity treaty of 1876, had a large share of the commerce of these islands. Prior to 1876 our annual sales to the Hawaiian islands had never, save in two exceptional cases, reached $1,000,000. With 1877, however, the $1,000,000 line was permanently passed, and since that date our exports to the islands have steadily grown, passing the $2,000,000 line in 1879, exceeding $3,000,000 in 1883, $4,000,000 in 1890, passing the $5,000,000 line in 1891, and promising to reach nearly $6,000,000 this year. Of the total imports by the Hawaiian islands in 1875 a little over one-third was from the United States.

In 1876 the reciprocity treaty went into operation, and in 1877 the United States supplied one-half of the imports into the Hawaiian islands, which then amounted to $2,500,000. By 1880 the imports had increased to over $3,500,000, of which over $2,000,000 worth came from the United States; in 1884 they were over $4,500,000, of which more than $3,000,000 were from the United States; in 1890, $6,962,000, of which $4,711,000 came from the United States, and in 1896, $6,063,000, of which about $4,000,000 came from the United States.

Of the exports from the Hawaiian islands the United States has also had the lion's share since the reciprocity treaty of 1876. In 1875 only about 57 per cent. of the exports from the Hawaiian islands came to the United States. In 1877, the year following the treaty, over 90 per cent. came to the United States, and has since continued in about the same proportion. Of the $200,000,000 worth of exports from the Hawaiian islands since the reciprocity treaty of 1876, more than $180,000,000 have come to the United States, and of the $100,000,000 worth of imports into the Hawaiian islands during that time, about $70,000,000 were from the United States.

Sugar, of course, appears as the chief article of exportation from the islands, though rice has been for years an item of considerable value, and of late coffee, pineapples and bananas have taken important rank in the exportations of the islands. Of the $15,500,000 worth of exports in 1896, almost $15,000,000 worth was sugar, though in addition to this there was exported over 5,000,000 pounds of rice, 225,000 pounds of coffee, 126,000 bunches of bananas and 147,000 pineapples. The increase in sugar and coffee has been rapid in the past few years, coffee increasing from 5,300 pounds in 1887 to 255,000 in 1896, and sugar from 212,000,000 pounds in 1887 to 443,000,000 pounds in 1896. The tendency in the past 20 years has apparently been to a reduction in the number of articles produced. In 1876 the list of exported articles included, besides sugar and rice, wool, tallow, molasses, peanuts, hides, goatskins, sheepskins, whale oil, whalebone, ivory, salt, sperm oil, and many other articles, but now sugar, rice, coffee, bananas and pineapples are the chief exports, though the total value in 1896 was six times that of 1876, when the articles were much more numerous.

The imports, as above indicated, are mostly from the United States, those of 1876 being divided among the great nations as follows: United States, $5,464,000; Great Britain, $755,000; China, $299,000; Japan, $276,000; Germany, $148,000; Australia, $114,000. The largest items in the list of imports are groceries and provisions, $520,885; machinery, $343,105; fertilizers, $332,239; cotton goods, $311,891; clothing, $292,559; hardware and agricultural implements, $278,267; grain and feed, $273,753; lumber, $255,242; tobacco, $194,836; flour, $169,000; building materials, $162,639, and besides these scores of articles, ranging in value from $100,000 downward. The population at the latest census was, in round numbers, 109,000, of whom 31,000 were Hawaiians, 24,000 Japanese, 21,000 Chinese, 15,000 Portuguese, 5,200 Americans, 2,250 British and 1,430 Germans. The receipts of the government are about $2,000,000 annually, of which about one-third is gathered by tariff taxes, one-third by internal taxation and one-third from miscellaneous sources, the expenditures being slightly less than the receipts.

Our commerce with the islands extends over more than half a century, one of the tables which will be presented showing imports from them as early as 1826 and exports to them as early as 1837, though the latter seem to have been only occasional prior to 1853, when they amounted to $4,406, and by 1863 had increased to $548,730. In 1873 they were $672,191, passing the $1,000,000 line in 1877, immediately after the enactment of the reciprocity treaty; the $2,000,000 line in 1879, the $3,000,000 mark in 1882, the $4,000,000 stage in 1890, the $5,000,000 in 1891, and promising to be nearly $6,000,000 this fiscal year, while our imports from the islands will this year be the highest on record, despite the general reduction of imports from other parts of the world, the total for the year being likely to exceed $15,000,000, against $13,687,000 last year and $11,757,000 in the preceding year.—Washington Star.

Singularly Inappropriate.

Mrs. Jonsing—Dis hyah new ministah am a fine preachah, but he am de leanes' an' skinnies' young man I ebbah see!

Mrs. Black—Yes, an' he done tole mah husband, what weighs two hundard an' fo'ty, to bewar' les' he should be weighed in de balance an' foun' wantin'!—Puck.

FRANKFORT & CINCINNATI RY

In Effect March 1, 1897.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

EAST BOUND.

Lve Frankfort	6:30am	3:00pm
Arr Elkhorn	6:43am	3:20pm
Arr Switzer	6:51am	3:32pm
Arr Stamping Ground	7:02am	3:48pm
Arr Duvalls	7:08am	3:58pm
Arr Georgetown	7:20am	4:15pm
Lve Georgetown	8:00am	4:30pm
Arr Newtown	8:12am	4:42pm
Arr Centreville	8:22am	4:52pm
Arr Elizabeth	8:28am	4:58pm
Arr Paris	8:40am	5:10pm

WEST BOUND.

Lve Paris	9:20am	5:30pm
Arr Elizabeth	9:32am	5:42pm
Arr Centreville	9:38am	5:48pm
Arr Newtown	9:48am	5:58pm
Arr Georgetown	10:00am	6:10pm
Lve Georgetown	10:30am	6:35pm
Arr Duvalls	10:56am	6:46pm
Arr Stamping Ground	11:10am	6:53pm
Arr Switzer	11:25am	7:04pm
Arr Elkhorn	11:35am	7:11pm
.....	11:55am	7:25pm

GEO. B. HARPER, Gen'l Supt., C. D. BERCAW, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
FRANKFORT, KY.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.
TIME TABLE.

EAST BOUND.

		†	†
Lv Louisville	8:30am	6:00pm	
Ar Lexington	11:15am	8:40pm	
Lv Lexington	11:25am	8:50pm	8:30am 5:50pm
Lv Winchester	11:58am	9:23pm	9:15am 6:30pm
Ar Mt. Sterling	12:25pm	9:50pm	9:50am 7:05pm
Ar Washington	6:5am	3:40pm	
Ar Philadelphia	10:15am	7.05pm	
Ar New York	12:40n'n	9:08pm	

WEST BOUND.

		†	†
Ar Winchester	7:30am	4:50pm	6:55am 2:50pm
Ar Lexington	8:00am	5:20pm	7:35am 3:45pm
Ar Frankfort	9:11am	6:30pm	
Ar Shelbyville	10:01am	7:20pm	
Ar Louisville	11:00am	8:15pm	

Trains marked thus † run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily.

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